

TRIED POISON ON CONEY CAR.

Fellow-Passenger Dashed Bottle from Young Girl's Lips Who in Spirit of Bravado Had Attempted to Take Her Life.

A man's quickness saved a beautiful young girl from drinking carbolic acid on a Smith street car in Brooklyn early to-day. He knocked the bottle to the floor as it neared her lips. At Police Headquarters in Brooklyn she said that she was Doly IbertV, of No. 266 Smith street, and that although only eighteen years old she was tired of life.

Her mother, she said, had driven her from home after a quarrel, on Sunday. She took refuge at the home of a girl friend, and when all her pretty clothes were stolen she accused the friend of the theft. She was again turned out and had decided to spend an evening at Coney Island and then kill herself.

Mrs. Vibert denies that her daughter was driven out of the house. She says she has worked steadily until she burned her hands a few days ago, and has always been a good girl.

The girl boarded the car at Coney Island. She was helped by a young man who lifted his hat and left her alone. She was stylishly dressed and her pretty young face attracted the attention of the four young men, the only other occupants of the car.

From no cause apparently the smile suddenly left her face. Turning her back to the young men, she lifted her skirts and pulled a bottle from her stocking. Turning again, she pulled out the cork and, lifting the bottle high in the air, broke out into a hard, cold laugh.

"See what I have here," she said. "Just see what I am going to take. It will put an end to all my trouble."

Three of the young men sat motionless. They were too frightened to move. Beside her sat Herman Rosenfeld, of No. 92 Ridge street, Manhattan. He had taken no part in the conversation, but as the bottle neared the girl's mouth his arm suddenly shot out, and the acid was dashed to the floor of the car.

Fearing that she had taken some of the poison, a call was sent to the Brooklyn Hospital, but when Dr. McChesney came he said there was no danger. For a long time she refused to talk, but finally gave her name and address. Then she told the story of the alleged quarrel and being driven from home.

She resolutely refused to tell the name of the young man who had helped her on to the car. She said she had spent the evening with a number of friends at Coney Island. She will be arraigned in Police Court to-day.

MY LADY SPOONER COMES TO TOWN

Little Brooklyn Actress, Crude but Earnest, Works Hard to Make Broadway Success in New Play.

Though rubber plants and decorated footlights at Daly's, as is said to be the pleasant practice at the Spooner playhouse in Brooklyn, little-but, oh my!—Cecil Spooner is getting the Broadway glad-hand for the versatile cleverness she displays in "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town."

This Peggy is in the spring tonic class, and it is for this reason, principally, that jaded New York may be glad she has come to town.

While dramatic diagnosis may not discover the germ of great genius in this small Spooner, she gives promise of some day making for herself a name quite out of proportion to her size. Though she lacks the personal charm of Henrietta Crozman and the dramatic intensity of Julia Arthur, she excels them both in the dexterous use of the foll.

She is a veritable swashbuckling sou-brette. She fences like a fiend and dances like the devil—not the measured minuet, but a jig as ever came from the County Cork.

"This same enlivening spirit marks all her work. Words fairly fly from her tongue, and this, too, without tripping over one another, a feat she is aided in performing by talking much of the time through her nose.

Whether Miss Spooner is suffering from cold or asthma, or whether she was born that way, we are unable to say; but we wish her speedy recovery and the ability to bury with the past vocal peculiarities of her Iowa childhood.

However, her shortcomings are more than atoned for by her refreshing buoyancy. She is by all odds the liveliest cricket of the season.

We heartily subscribed to the sentiments of the large lady in the next seat, who thoughtfully remarked:

"I like her best in pants."

Pants do "become" her better than the long flowered gowns of the period of Miss Frances Aymar Matthews's hopelessly feminine and impossibly romantic, though prettily staged, play.

It was really a fascinating sight to see Peggy hustling into her big brother's clothes when she ran off to London to keep an eye on her harmless lover, who in the person of Walter Hale, was so painfully lacking in virility, force and directness that he wasn't worth running after.

And, by the way, isn't it surprising how perfectly clothes belonging to six-foot brothers always fit these masquerading sisters of the romantic drama?

Miss Spooner is badly fitted in the way of support, most of the members of the company being of the amateur cut.

ACTRESS WHO CAME TO DALY'S AND PLAYED IN NEW DRAMA.



MORE ARRESTS IN BARREL MURDER.

Four Italian Suspects Found in Pittsburg, Given the "Third Degree" and New Points in Mystery Probably Secured.

PITTSBURG, May 6.—New York detectives are searching among the Italians here for evidence against the men arrested for the murder of Benedetto Madonia. In company with Pittsburg officers, assisted by Capt. Walsh, of the United States Secret Service, they are working constantly on the case, and it is said have already secured what is considered important evidence.

They visited the Webster avenue dis-

trict last night and in a short time arrested four Italians. These men were "sweated" for two hours by Detective Aymer, who speaks Italian. The information obtained from them is being withheld by the detectives, but it is said that a number of points were secured by Sergeant Cherry which will be of value in clearing the barrel mystery.

BUFFALO, May 6.—Three detectives from New York are here trying to locate suspects in the Madonia murder.

JEALOUSY LEADS TO NEGRO MURDER.

Frank Howard Kills Alexander Adams in the Home of Mrs. Ella Paige in Jay Street, Paterson.

PATERSON, N. J., May 6.—Frank Howard, a young colored man, shot and killed Alexander Adams, also colored, at the home of Mrs. Ella Paige, at No. 14 Jay street, early this morning. After having killed Adams, Howard walked to police headquarters and surrendered.

He was jealous of Mrs. Paige, whom he had known a long time, and of Adams, it is said.

M'CLUSKY GETS 17 BIG CON MEN.

"Chris" Tracy, "Jim" Davis, "Deady" Morris, "Black Mike," "Ben" Hardy and "Jew" Ham in the Bunch.

Seventeen clever confidence men, arrested along Broadway in the Tenderloin yesterday afternoon and last night, were arraigned in Jefferson Market Police Court to-day by Central Office detectives. They form a gang of "wire-tappers" who have been reaping a rich harvest and literally defying the police because of the difficulty of getting complaints against them. When complaints do appear, conviction is almost impossible because the victim is in as deep as the criminals. Inasmuch as the accused can show that the prospective victim went into a scheme to swindle with his eyes open.

"Hard as it is to get at them," said Inspector McClusky to-day, "I think I have a scheme that will drive them out of town. I am going to keep my men after them all the time and arrest them every time I see them with a stranger."

The Central Office knew that the gang was working, and not with small fry either. They have been going after the business men of big fortunes, carrying out the ancient idea of thieves—"the wiser the guy the softer the mark." The first complaint against the gang was filed a few days ago by William Mehrbach, a broker, of No. 3 Broad street.

Seek Victims in Wall Street. The audacity of the gang and the ease with which their game was operated is shown by their going into Wall street for victims. Mehrbach is one of many, but the others lack his nerve in complaining.

He is a rich man and supposedly an extremely wise man, but when he saw a newspaper advertisement asking for a call loan of \$5,000 and answered it, he lacked the perception to discover that the man who called upon him was "Chris" Tracy, one of the most notorious confidence men in the country. Tracy lost no time in getting down to business. He explained that a man high up in the office of the Postal Telegraph Company had the power to hold back racing results from pool-rooms, but that he lacked capital with which to put his power to account.

"He gets the returns and sends them out," explained Tracy, "Of course he can hold them, give them to us, we can hustle to the pool-rooms, place our bets on the club winners and then he can release the reports. All we have to do is cash in and give him a percentage. It is impossible to lose."

Mehrbach believed the confidence man. Mehrbach actually went down to the

Postal Telegraph office with Tracy. They met there in the hall a man in his shirt sleeves with a pen behind his ear, who was introduced as the telegraph official. This man was "Jim" Davis, another crook. His coat and hat were hidden in a near by office.

They got \$100 from Mehrbach for preliminary expenses and he was about to speak of his good thing to his father, Solomon, of No. 56 East Seventy-second street. The elder Mehrbach advised him to see McClusky and he did so. The Inspector told him to hold off until he could get the whole gang.

Yesterday was the time agreed upon. Detectives Kane, Fogarty and Mundy were detailed to make the arrests. At Forty-sixth street and Broadway they came upon a quartet known to them as "Black Mike," Ben Hardy, "Deady" Morris and "Jew" Ham, professional wire-tapping swindlers.

Had Another Victim in Tow. They were talking to a dignified gentleman of a severe cast of countenance, who was shocked almost stiff when the detectives swooped down upon the gang. He said he was L. A. Tillinghast, of Providence, R. I., a wealthy real-estate dealer, and that he was talking business with the men.

The detectives learned that he had answered a newspaper advertisement and that "Jew" Ham had gone to Providence to see him.

He came to New York with the confidence man yesterday afternoon and had just agreed to produce \$2,000 to bet with on Thursday when the detectives got the gang.

The whole seventeen were rounded up before midnight. Tracy and Davis got half which prevented McClusky from showing them to his detectives at headquarters to-day. He had the fifteen remaining prisoners inspected and then sent his entire squad to Jefferson Market with instructions to observe Tracy and Davis for future reference.

LINEMAN'S AWFUL DEATH.

Encountered a Live Wire and Fell to Pavement Fifty Feet Below.

George W. Watson, a lineman, employed by the United Electric Company in Jersey City, met a horrible death.

While working on top of a fifty-foot pole at the corner of the Hudson boulevard and Sea View avenue his head came in contact with a live wire. He received a shock of several thousand volts and fell to the pavement.

He was twenty-five years old and resided at No. 168 Bright street.

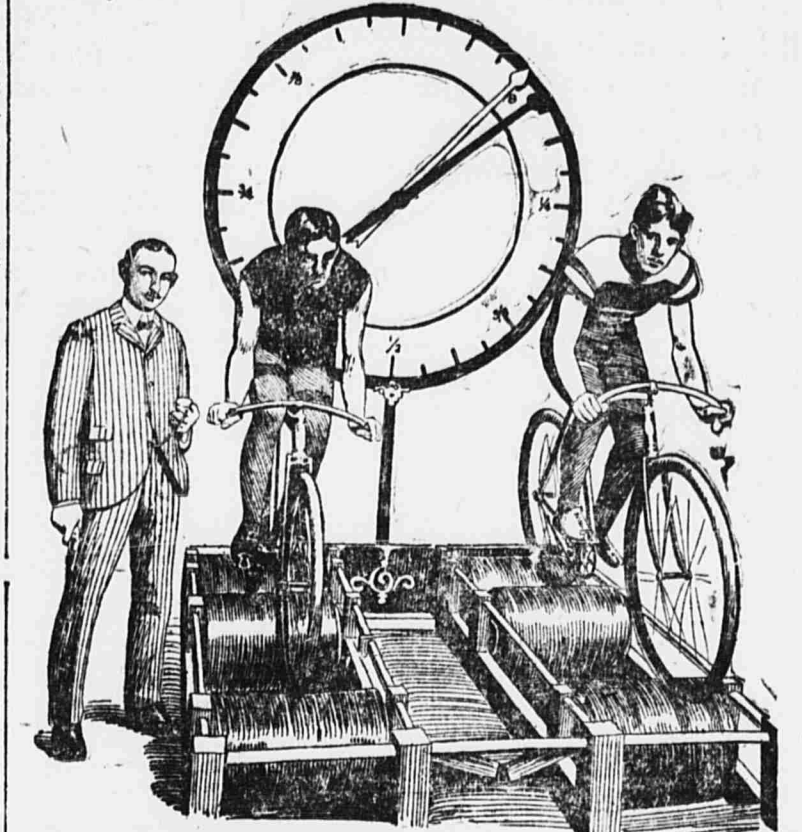
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NERVE AND POWER

Messrs. Walthour and Van Bill, World's Champion Roller Cyclists, Credit Their Power of Endurance and Nerve to DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY. They Say It is Their Only Stimulant and Tonic.



These gentlemen were recently interviewed by a newspaper reporter as to what they used to give them power of endurance and keep up their nerve. Both replied, "We use Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey and nothing else. It is a great stimulant and tonic. It gives us more endurance than any food we ever tried; we do not know what we would do without Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. It keeps us from contracting colds and coughs when we are overworked."

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY

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2,000 doctors prescribe and 2,000 hospitals use Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey exclusively. CAUTION—When you ask for Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey be sure you get the genuine. Unscrupulous dealers, mindful of the excellence of this preparation, will try to sell you cheap imitations and so-called Malt Whiskey substitutes which are put on the market for profit only, and which, far from relieving the sick, are positively harmful. Demand "Duffy's," and be sure you get it. It is the only absolutely pure malt whiskey which contains medicinal, health-giving qualities. Look for the trade-mark, "The Old Chemist," on the label.

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